

but he came bravely to his rescue with, "Perhaps, Dick expected to find me at the club. I am usually there, but did not go around tonight." And then to change the subject:

"Margie, you must hurry and get well so that Mollie and I can teach you the new turkey trots."

"Mollie," I said, in mock seriousness. "Is it possible that you have been learning those reprehensible dances?"

Mollie took me seriously and answered: "Oh, Margie, there really is nothing reprehensible in turkey trotting if you do not, of your own accord, make it reprehensible."

"It seems to me," she continued, "that there is no amusement, no enjoyment, no life that cannot be made reprehensible if one wishes. Don't you think so, Mr. Edie?"

"I think anything that you think, Mollie, when you raise those wondrous eyes to me in that manner." Mollie blushed prettily and looked more charming than ever. I hope she won't fall in love with Jim Edie, for he is too old for her. He must be at least twenty years older than she and, besides, he has lived every one of those years at a rapid rate.

Jim Edie is charming, and for a woman of twenty-five or thirty he would probably make a splendid husband, but for our eighteen-year-old Mollie he is too blase, too world wise.

"My! It is ten o'clock," said Mollie, after we had chatted a while longer. "You won't be afraid to stay alone, will you?" she asked.

"Not at all, dear, and I also won't be afraid to have you go home at this hour if Mr. Edie will go with you."

"I'll order a taxi," said Jim, starting for the telephone.

"Oh, no, you won't," affirmed Mollie demurely. "Margie won't let me ride in taxis with young men without a chaperone."

"But I am not a young man—at least not so very young, Mollie," protested Jim.

"Worse and worse," declared Mol-

lie. "Margie and I were just berating all those old gallants who presumed upon their age, and we had made up our minds to cut them all off the lists of our acquaintances."

"Don't do that and I'll go back to my salad days if necessary. Anyway, we'll take a street car."

"Dick will be here soon now," whispered Mollie as she kissed me good-night, "and I'll tell the maid on watch to listen at your door every little while to see if you are all right."

"WILL Dick be back soon?" I asked myself as the door closed.

And then, although I tried very hard, I could not sleep for I knew that Dick had lied to me again!

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)
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OHIO MAN PROMOTED TO LONDON EMBASSY



Robert P. Skinner

Columbus, O.—An Ohio man, Robert P. Skinner, now consul general at Hamburg, will succeed to the post of consul general at London, recently vacated by the death of J. L. Griffiths of Indiana.

Consul General Skinner entered the diplomatic service in 1897, when he was appointed consul at Marseilles, France.